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**SOLDIER AND SERVANT SERIES**

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**John Gardner Murray**

**Priest, Prelate, Primate**

by

**Mrs. Albert Simonet**

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THE MOST REVEREND  
JOHN GARDNER MURRAY, D. D.  
BISHOP OF MARYLAND  
PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE CHURCH



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Priest, Prelate, Primate

by

Mrs. Albert Sioussat



Coat of Arms, Diocese of Maryland

CHURCH MISSIONS PUBLISHING COMPANY

31 - 45 Church Street, Hartford, Connecticut

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

At the earnest request of this Company, the following sketch of the devout and able prelate who was the Presiding Bishop of the Church has been written by Mrs. Albert Sioussat of Baltimore and Washington.

A careful reading will show that the Company was justified in making its request. No more appreciative tribute has appeared. Mrs. Sioussat has accurate knowledge of Bishop Murray's life from his boyhood to its triumphant close. The substance of that knowledge is herein expressed with sympathetic intuition of the Bishop's lofty ideals, and loyal fidelity to their achievement in action.

We are glad to thank Mrs. Sioussat for her service, and to congratulate our readers on their opportunity to share her knowledge.

Church Missions Publishing Company.



# John Gardner Murray

**Priest, Prelate, Primate**

IN among the hills of Western Maryland lies the Valley of George's Creek, which narrows to a glen over which two parallel mountain ridges of Dan's Mountain and the great Savage Mountain tower a thousand feet above the level of the creek on either side.

In this Valley the Indian made his home and called the region Lonacona from the old name of his tribe, "a place where many waters meet."

But the many waters and their frequent freshets from time to time tore up the surface of the earth, washing the ground completely away from the rocks of Guinea Run, leaving deposits of coal exposed to pick or mattock. From time to time traces of iron ore were found on what is now called Scotch Hill, and in obedience to the needs of the world for the treasures of the earth the march of progress was begun, until in this vicinity now lies one of the most important coal centers of Maryland.

Here where half a century ago much of the landscape remained as it had been from the beginning, there is now left only in its place a scarred and barren foreground. Only the grandeur of the everlasting hills with the great forests of oak, walnut and other valuable woods remains for the background of the country side today.

The historical setting of the country goes back to the days when General Braddock in command of the British forces traveled to meet the French army in the struggle to settle the possession of the colonies of North America.

The depths of this primeval forest were then untrodden save for the feet of the Indians, the aboriginal lords of the soil. The English Commander, however, made his road as he went with a thoroughness the traces of which remain today, but as he was entirely ignorant of the woodcraft of the wily savage his forces

were foredoomed to defeat, and his body was left to be buried by night in the middle of the road where horse and foot would trample down all traces of a grave, to preserve it from the mutilations which the Indians were wont to add to their destruction of life.

Later on the Indians grew more friendly and went in and out among the whites, and it is said that one of the chiefs, George, was a valued friend and guest of that notable pioneer Captain Michael Cresap.

In this country on Scotch Hill, of parents coming from Scotch descent, was born a boy on August 31, 1857, the son of James Murray and Anne Kirkwood, taking the name of Gardner from a connection of his mother who had been held in high esteem by her.

To the boy this wonderful surrounding of natural beauty brought a free life which had much to do with the remarkable strength and endurance, the fine physical development of John Gardner Murray.

The story of his sturdy growth in the open, his feats in climbing over Dan's Mountain by night and down to the Potomac side that he might go fishing in the very early morning, his penetration of every nook and corner of the mountain trails, indeed the very pranks recorded of his early days in the humorous vein which never forsook him, all tell the story of a normal, healthy boy. He seems early to have developed the talent for mastery, and on one occasion it is recorded that when the head opposition had taken liberties with the rights of the boys the militant leader of ours felt it incumbent on him to take down the vain boasting of the champion and in the encounter which followed that end was very thoroughly accomplished.

His responsibilities came early, for the illness of his father by whom he had ever been ruled with a firm hand carried the boy of eleven to the office of the company for work, as his father needed his help, so he went into the regular employ as a workman, his certificates remaining today, and the traces of that apprenticeship so well carried out in all its details endeared him to the community among whom he lived and whom he loved, while they never forgot him.

But in this wild life as a young lad, with his growth came the need for spiritual expression and the great Methodist revival of

religion under the Wesleys at Oxford which had swept through every corner of our State in the travels of Asbury and his followers gave him the vision of service which guided him to his life's end.

In his preparation for the fulfilment of his aims we are told that he entered Wyoming Seminary in Kingston, Pennsylvania, and then Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. Here he obtained a license as a local preacher, but his course was shortened by the death of his father, and he went into the secular world again as an accountant in the business he knew best with a young and rising coal company in Kansas, in the opening up of the West with its great opportunities for progress, but with the license he had procured he could work by day and preach by night in the Methodist church. It seemed a natural sequence to such energy that he should seek a wider field, and in 1882 he left Kansas for the South where great coal fields had been opened up and the amazing development of the new South had begun.

Perhaps a vision had come to him as it did to Wesley who preached in the beginning of his work, with no idea of creating a new Church, from the text, "No man taketh this honour to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron," for on July the 4th, 1886, he received the rite of Confirmation and a license as lay reader in the Episcopal Church. Two years later he made another move to Selma, Alabama, and with rare discretion undertook to build up the foundation of his fortunes. The opening up of the New South gave great field for manufactures with which he combined real estate and banking business, so that no stone which he could build into the structure of his life was left unturned.

In the next year, so rapid had been his progress, he went back to Kansas for his wedding, and his happy life was crowned when, on the fourth of December, 1889, Clara Hunsicker of Osage City, Kansas, left her home to share the joys and sorrows of the young cleric. The bride took her place in the affections of his people wherever they went, and "they twain shall be one flesh" was never more fully exemplified than in their lives.

In 1892 he decided that the time had come to take the great step, and at the age of 35 he turned his face squarely to the goal for which his inspiration had grown as the days went on. So in 1892 at the age of 35 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Jackson, in due course advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Wilmer, and took up



the missionary work in a charge over a wide territory up and down the Alabama River where on horseback he traveled miles ministering to eight congregations on the different plantations. What this meant to the Church at that age cannot be estimated by our modern standards. What this meant to those isolated stations in the personal visitations with his capacity for inspiration of hope and for encouragement in their work, was shown in the fruit which it bore.

Then there came to him the rectorate of the Church of the Advent, Birmingham, Alabama, in the very heart of the New South. To quote, "Here among the mills and the factories, the suddenly gained new wealth, and the struggling of the poor to achieve wealth out of a new environment, he was no less the missionary than the official organizer." In this wonderful experience his years of training stood him in good stead, and from thence Maryland claimed her son for her own. This time it was the Parish of St. Michael and All Angels in Baltimore, and in 1903 he entered into his pastoral work which remained his only cure among us. Elections to the Episcopate came to him while here from Mississippi and Kentucky but he was reserved for us until the day when in 1909 he was consecrated Coadjutor to Bishop Paret, a name ever to be honored and venerated. His consecration took place in his parish church on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, and he always claimed that most dear Collect as his ecclesiastical name day Prayer.

Into the Diocese of Maryland came the same ardent spirituality, the same practical capacity for building up which has gone on for so many years into every corner of our territory, bringing such gifts as has kept Maryland in line with her traditions as being one of the seven great dioceses of the church. To him no one was too lowly, no one too remote, and he was always ready for every contingency which could affect his people in all times of their tribulation, in all times of their prosperity, ready for all honors and they were not a few, even before he had the final crown which he carried until faithful unto death it has become a crown of life.

The first official appearance of Bishop Murray in the General Convention in Cincinnati in 1910 was under most trying circumstances.

The fatal illness of Mrs. Paret, so well beloved in every corner



of the diocese, detained Bishop Paret in Baltimore, and the Bishop Coadjutor had this very sad introduction to his work.

Those elected from Maryland for the triennial meeting took the rooms of Bishop and Mrs. Paret at the old Burnet House, Mrs. Murray among our principal officers. And the little coterie gathered together after the day's work was done, all invitations having been cancelled, and did indeed eat the bread of sorrow together.

Every day our Coadjutor telegraphed to his Bishop to be allowed to come home to be with him in his hour of sore distress, and every day the reply came, "Stay where you are. I need you for Maryland."

It was only a little while when the two who had so endeared themselves to church and community were buried from the Episcopal residence on Madison Avenue within three days of each other. And Bishop Murray took his full place in the succession of the Bishops of Maryland. From his See city to the smallest missionary post in his diocese he ruled wisely and well with his sympathy, clear vision and ability to know the best course to be taken in the most difficult of situations.

It was to the Convention in Cincinnati that the reports were brought from the Edinburgh Conference, stirring the hearts of all men as one after another testified to the amazing spirituality which marked that most notable gathering, and as each speaker ended the audience was more and more nearly carried to "the gathering in the Upper Room," and when Bishop Brent made the concluding address the people were made to feel that the Church had indeed come very near to the Day of Pentecost, and it seemed as if we should not have been amazed "if the place wherein we sat" had been shaken.

The next day continued the experience, for at an early stage the motion was made that the impression so gained should not be allowed to pass without substantial record, and then and there Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan pledged \$10,000 for the formation of a Committee which should not seek points of divergence but find out those upon which Christendom could agree, which took permanent form later in the World's Conference on Faith and Order.

Bishop Murray was greatly moved at the tide of this great awakening, and few conventions have carried us so far in our

journey, as this vision of unity.

His home was in the Cathedral grounds, in the quaint old house, the survivor of the plantations owned by the Merrymans. There they lived until his Primacy, which carried him to New York but the family of five is growing into the Clan Marray rapidly, and has its centre in one of the old estates out near the old "Charles Street avenue."

But as the days went on the tocsin of war sounded over the world, and while we did not go into it in the beginning, our organizations, Red Cross and other orders of mercy, went to work with a will, the allied associations falling into line with the background of the splendid women of Baltimore, and indeed all over the State, in the Council of Defense, and when we could no longer withhold our hand we were prepared. So far as sending of supplies was concerned, every chance of getting stores, necessities and comforts across was taken.

So it all came gradually upon us, and while we had no such heart break as came to England when the "first hundred thousand marched away," we were ready. Bishop Murray drew up special forms of prayer and threw his interest into Camp Meade, the largest camp for training supply and support in our State, taking it under his special care. One very beautiful feature which he arranged was the gifts of memorial for the chapel, such as furnishings for the altar, service books inscribed with the names of those who had served their country in preceding wars. Meanwhile he had made his pilgrimage to the Lambeth Conference, bringing back much of the value which comes from that wonderful mobilization of our Church throughout the world. These visits had not all been returned by individual Prelates,—but who can forget that when the war was at its height his Grace, the Lord Archbishop of York, came to us, in one of those majestic services in old St. Paul's arranged specially by the Bishop and Rector? He brought us the realities of such a wonderful opportunity as was then offered for the interchange of our loving sympathies, and to furnish such aid as we could render to our Mother Church overseas.

Later when the final struggle was on and it seemed each day that the line must break and all our precious sacrifices might have been offered in vain, again we had the exhortation from our Bishop, "Lift up your hearts", and our answer in return was, "We

lift them up unto the Lord," so he gave us as our special war work, a Week of Prayer. Our women kept seven days at home, in church, privately, and together visiting their fellow church women, providing that every hour of the day and night should find a certain number praying for peace and unity and the perfection of the Kingdom. We can never forget the closing service attended by throngs of people of all faith and creeds, joining us in these last words, in the Mother Church of old St. Paul's when the Military Band from Camp Holabird came to us and accompanied the special hymns and anthems, and after the concluding prayers and benediction the Bishop gave the signal, and the bugler came to the chancel steps and sounded "Taps" for the many sleeping overseas, their last farewell.

On October 9, 1919, St. Paul's cathedral, Detroit, Michigan, was crowded with representatives of the Woman's Auxiliary from 91 Dioceses and Districts, to plan for what was to be a great advance,—the Auxiliary to act as the holding committee for the formation of a church service league, which should gather up the forces both within and without the Church, so ably used in the Great War in the care of hospitals, schools, and churches, to supply their needs and to be a federation and a clearing house. Later on, March 11, 1920, the Woman's Auxiliary was asked by the Bishop to act in the same capacity for the Church Service League in the Diocese of Maryland. The Auxiliary has worked with it since the day of its formation, and the last message which came to the President of the Auxiliary over the phone as the Bishop was on his way to Atlantic City was his benediction on our work and the cordial relations between the two bodies.

In October, 1921, the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in Emmanuel Church, the place of its birth in 1871. The Bishop with the late beloved and lamented Rector, the Reverend Hugh Birckhead, did much to honor, and celebrate the day. During the Communion Service they gave touching addresses with the names of the departed in all these years.

At the festivity which followed the Bishop of Maryland was most happy with his neighboring and visiting Bishops around him and of his faithful women "not a few," and the Belvedere has rarely witnessed a more enjoyable occasion.

Time fails us to recount the history of all our days under the

care of our late and beloved Bishop called so swiftly to the higher service of the King, but another outstanding opportunity seized with might and main was the tragedy of Tokyo and its environs, when the historic telegram came to us, "All gone save faith in God." Bishop Murray gave clarion calls to his Diocese—the response was instantaneous—the people had a mind to work!—and under their devoted clergy, clergy wives, splendid corps of women, gave up days to the shop where the consecrated Gold, Silver and Jewel Offering was sold, after having been first offered at the altars of the churches,—great hampers having been brought to our own St. Paul's in the hands of young fellows of long descent from the elders of other days, and so of the Emergency Fund, Maryland's share went over the top, and afterwards came the rehabilitation work.

It seems only yesterday when in New Orleans the necessity for the election of a Presiding Bishop was brought to the Convention, that the Right Reverend the Bishop of Tokyo, Bishop McKim, made a felicitous statement in the course of his presentation of Bishop Murray for that honor: "Bishop Murray is the Sir Philip Sidney of the Church of today. The noble Knight gave from his own thirst on the battlefield the glass of water needed by the suffering soldier. Bishop Murray has on three occasions put from his own lips the cup of necessity in the work of his Diocese, to quench the thirst and sufferings of the church in Japan, the Nippon Sei Ko Hwei."

We have been told how in taking up his duties at the National Council headquarters he sealed his personal acquaintance with every Bishop in the Church in his request for their autographed photographs, to be hung in his office at the Missions House, with the assurance of their possession of the citadel for their own. He then proceeded down the line, staff and workers, deepening their spiritual life and bringing close to him every functionary from the Vice-President of the Council to the janitor and elevator boy. Then came the apostolic journeyings, perhaps among the most remarkable ever known in their thoroughness, in the field worked over, and in the speed with which they were conducted. He came from Haiti to the Auxiliary to plead for assistance for a rectory and suitable buildings for its Bishop, and when asked for another meeting of the Auxiliary a week later, announced, "I shall then be

in Oregon," and it was so. But in all this outlook for the far-flung battle line the chances for enduring work nearer home did not go unchecked.

In no more notable way has the far sight come to our Prelate than in the salvage of Calvary Church, New York. This had been up to the 'seventies considered a worthy place for the survivals of the old Patroon families of old New York, who there had their ecclesiastical homes, where a large part of the missionary work of the Church has been carried on, where the first general meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in 1874, before the Church Missions House was thought of, and which has witnessed great gatherings and great experiences of just men and women since made perfect.

It stood sentinel until the later years of the century, and then the shadows began to lengthen about it and we thought in perspective of the days when we "should think upon her stones, when it would pity us to see her in the dust."

But Hewho is "working his purpose out" had a different fate in store for her, and so there came together the clear vision of the prophet and seer of rescue work to be done, supplemented by a young and vigorous mind and body devoted to the fight in the arena, who dreamed a dream of a new interpretation of the old, old story of personal spirituality, until today visions and dreams have come true, and Calvary Church has taken its place with the great downtown fortifications against the forces of evil. It was made the parish church of the Bishop and his family, and a new generation receives the sacraments, signed with the sign of the Cross, in token that they shall fight under His banner \* \* \* and continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to their life's end, and another centre is given to redemption.

Bishop Murray owed much to his mother's influence and he pays loving tribute to the fact that his belief "was taught him at her knee". This is shown in the confession of his faith given to the Church in his address to the Convention of 1924, when the controversy as to the Virgin Birth was at its height. In part he gave these earnest forceful words:—"In closing I want to put on record a few words once and for all time, a statement of my faith in my God and my Church. I am not a scholar, and I know it. But my possession of an average degree of common sense and rea-



soning power has prevented me from being moved or even shaken by the confusion of conclusions propounded, not only at this time, but through all time since the day of the Master by others who are not scholars but do not know it. Their name is legion, and they are not limited to any particular school or confined to any one point of view.

“(1) My theology is very simple: I believe in God the Father who loves me; I believe in God the Son who saves me; I believe in God the Holy Ghost who leads me.

(2) Regardless of the aid, or hindrance, of the higher critics, I have faith in the Bible as the Word of God to men and, in all its essential features the revelation of his will—find with the Psalmist, that it is ‘a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.’

\* \* \* \* \*

(3) I know that I am a sinner and all humanity is common with me in that sin, my Saviour from it, a sinless one, must be Divine and yet also be such an one as may be touched with a feeling of my infirmities, must be God Incarnate.

I believe it is the will of the Divine Father who loves me that I shall be saved from my sin, and that for my salvation accordingly the Divine Christ became Incarnate in the human Jesus—born of the Virgin Mary and as the man Christ Jesus inaugurated the Christian Era in human life and history.

(4) I believe that when Jesus declared that upon the rock of Faith in and profession of his Divinity He would “build his church and the gates of hell should not prevail against it” He meant what He said: that he did so build it and that it became not only the Depository of that Faith but also the Preserver of it and will be the Proclaimer until by the triumph of it hell and its gates shall be destroyed eternally.

\* \* \* \* \*

“My brethren, this is my first and final say upon this subject. I have shunned public forums and public press. I have said this here and nowhere else, so that my people may receive it as my message direct to them and have knowledge of my confidence in my religion as I learned it at my mother’s knee and I only suggest that all they who change the old order should graciously refrain from disturbing the peace of the many millions who are now calm and happy in the faith of that order and confine their experimental

speculations to their own study and their individual interpretations within the secret places of their own souls." \* \* \* \* Thus our great teacher carried us into his sacred confidences.

It seems more than a mere coincidence that the change should have come in his time from Presiding Bishop to Primate. We have been told in Holy Writ that the man who is diligent in his business shall stand before kings. His promotion went further, for in his election as Primate he took over the position which in our Mother Church as Archbishop, regards a man as a Prince, with a possible seat in the House of Lords. These touches were not needed for our Prelate and Primate but he was equipped for them all. At the time of the consecration of Bishop Paret in Washington one of our foremost clergy of the day, the Rev. Dr. Elliott of the Church of the Ascension, gave a brief summary as to the attributes in one succession, "Whittingham brought head, Pinkney brought heart, and Paret will bring organization to the Diocese at Washington. May we not add to the combination of all these qualities, the greatest of all, the loving kindness of the Good Shepherd?

The Presiding Bishop brought his great gifts of ghostly counsel, wise decision, and aimiable judgment to our great General Convention; and as we look backward we always get the opening service, with it long, long lines of the representatives of so many parts of the earth making their way to the grove of stately trees where the Presiding Bishop, the President of these United States, and our great preacher, the Bishop of Chicago, with the beloved Diocesan of Washington, his large force on duty about him, awaited them.

One of the greatest pleasures perhaps that ever came to him was the occasion—it would almost seem in preparation for his going away—when he met for the first time in many, many years the remnant of the men with whom he began his work, as a boy.

"On Saturday night, May 25, 1929, the mining classes of Allegheny and Garrett Counties held their annual banquet in the armory at Lonaconing.

"The Rev. Rector of the parishes round about, with the chief engineer, Dr. J. F. J. Rutledge, met the Bishop at Cumberland and drove over the new McMullen Highway to Cresaptown, and then over the lately improved road to Keyser, West Virginia. On the trip the Bishop recognized some familiar land marks which he

had not seen since boyhood,—driving up to New Creek from Keyser and up the celebrated 'grade' on the Northwestern Turnpike, where from the top one gets the most beautiful view in the vicinity, to the Bishop's great enjoyment.

"He was the guest of honor at the banquet and made the speech of the evening, giving incidents of his boyhood. There were over four hundred seated at the tables and at the close of the speech an old miner called for the song they used to sing during their work, when the Bishop rose with the same simplicity which was always his, and sang one verse and the chorus, 'When you and I were young, Maggie!' A star performance of the early days, the chorus taken up by some of the old boys crowned the events of the evening and brought down the house. The enthusiasm knew no bounds and he enjoyed every moment of it—a real ovation."

It was indeed a wonderful dispensation in 1926 which brought the man who came to the aid of Bishop Murray, even as he had come up to the assistance of Bishop Paret. The connection was close; the Diocese had been well covered by Dr. Helfenstein as Archdeacon of Maryland, his touch with the outlying clergy and the personal intimacy of the two making it possible for the work to go forward. There can be no estimation of what this close sympathy and friendship meant to the man who had never spared himself, and we give great thanks that the heritage left by our dear and lamented Bishop is being "carried on and carried through."

In view of the fact that as Primate he had the headship of one of the earliest sources of information in the missionary work of the church, viz.: the Church Missions Publishing Company of Hartford, Connecticut, it is in commemoration of our meeting in Washington that a brief mention is here inserted—The Bishop came to us in the midst of all his weightier work and we are reminded by our dear and valued Vice President of Maryland, Mrs. Murray, of the splendid spirit of the gathering at that time, of the inspiration which came from his fine challenge to us to go forward in our work, of the pride we all took in having our first Primate as President of the old corporation and so today from our Maryland hearts we include in our minute of sorrow for our earthly loss, all the members of our great body, over this great country, of the Church Missions Publishing Company.



It is appropriate to print here the Minute of the Woman's Auxiliary :

October 23, 1929.

The Woman's Auxiliary in the Diocese of Maryland desires to place on record its profound sense of bereavement in the loss of its Chief Shepherd, the Most Reverend John Gardner Murray, called so swiftly to the higher service of the King.

Whether as Primate, with the care of all the Churches, in the overlook of his beloved Diocese of Maryland, or in his going out and coming in among our communities, his strong personality, warm humanity and intense presentation of the way of life to the far flung borders of his great jurisdiction drew to him the devotion of people in all classes to a wonderful degree.

In the Woman's Auxiliary it would not be possible to enumerate his many and great loving kindnesses to us.

"He hath fed his flock like a Shepherd." Wherefore we are firm in our belief that he will keep us in remembrance and that so far as he may, he will keep watch and ward over us as he dwells in the light in which he "beholds the King in his beauty, in the Land which does not seem so very far off."

To our dear and honored Vice-President, Mrs. John Gardner Murray with her family :

We tender anew the sympathy and affection which we have ever possessed and we know what fresh strength awaits them when the mists have cleared away and the Comforter will come to them, the Lord and Giver of Life.

That renewed help and vigor may be given to our people, that we may go forward in our work while it is called today, is our earnest prayer and our steadfast intention.

Signed: President.

Secretaries.

The day came when the House of Bishops had been called to meet at Atlantic City not for mere routine but to add to the mis-ary staff of Bishops for the Church of God. The memorial address read in all the churches November 3d tells the story and with it ends this imperfect chronicle.

*Memorial Address Read in all the Churches November 3*  
Brothers in the Kingdom of Christ:

Today we remember and honor a beloved leader, who was in

a moment translated from this pathway of shadows into the clear shining of the eternal light.

On October third, at the altar of St. James' Church, Atlantic City, the Presiding Bishop celebrated his last Eucharist. Three hours later, in the same chancel, while presiding over a council of his brethren gathered to choose others for the Apostolic Office, John Gardner Murray, who walked with God, "was not; for God took him."

Utter simplicity, gallant purpose, complete consecration to his high task, marked this man who first held by choice of his brethren the highest office in the Church. He wrought bravely and well, and his sudden going from us brings the consciousness of overwhelming loss.

Yet it is not to sadness that we call you, but to high resolve and loyal service in the cause to which his very life was given. It is his own last message which we feel bound to transmit.

Set to lead and inspire the Church, he longed to make men understand how great is their privilege and obligation as sworn followers of Jesus Christ. His soul was often oppressed by the burdens which he carried: the Church responded, but responded slowly, when called to move forward; willingness to spend and be spent in the advancement of the Kingdom of God was too often lacking. frequently he encountered criticism where he looked for co-operation, and apathy where he counted upon aid.

But his brave soul did not falter. Rather, it burned within him. On the morning of his death, as he stood waiting to go to the altar where he would consecrate for the last time the Sacrifice of his Lord's Body and Blood, he uttered these words to one standing beside him, who now passes them on as the last message of Bishop Murray to the Church which he loved and served:

"We must not only *carry on*, we must *carry through*! How can we make our criticisms of the Church's methods and machinery an excuse for evading our share in her enterprise? If there be failure, it is not in the machinery, but in the power which should set it in motion. What is the National Council but the hands of the Church? *We*—its Bishops, Clergy, and Lay People—are the Church's heart. If the hands grope, and the feet stumble, it is because the heart is weak. The fault is in us—IN US! How can we make the Church understand?"

So he spoke when going forth. Just before his own heart broke he was longing to make the Church understand.

How can we truly honor him today unless we espouse the cause for which he gave his life? Shall his voice, from the threshold of eternity, sound vainly in our ears? *Carry on and carry through!* That call should ring throughout the Church and evoke a great response. Thus his death may accomplish that for which he spent his life—a loving and loyal consecration of the Church's full resources to her whole task.

O man greatly loved! you found joy in service, and did not shrink from sacrifice! Rest with God, who counts nothing great nor small apart from the doing of His will. Rest in joy, for we who are still in the midst of the conflict will "carry on and carry through." Rest in peace, in the City of our God, even upon His holy hill, where all is calm and unshaken, and

*"Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light."  
Requiescat in Pace*

The funeral was held from St. Michael and All Angels Church, Baltimore, on Monday, October 7. Bishop Helfenstein, who succeeds Bishop Murray, officiated. Bishop Fiske of Central New York, who succeeded Bishop Murray as rector of St. Michael and All Angels, Bishop Reese, of Georgia, and Bishop Burleson, of South Dakota, assessor to the late Bishop Murray, took part in the services. The pall-bearers were young clergymen who were among the last ordained by Bishop Murray. A large number of bishops attended the service, among them being the Rt. Rev. Beverly D. Tucker, of Southern Virginia, the Rt. Rev. H. St. George Tucker, the Rt. Rev. George W. Davenport, and the Rt. Rev. R. C. Jett.

At the last the Bishop was carried from the chapel of Remembrance in the crypt of St. Michael and All Angels, through the loving tributes of flowers everywhere, to the altar where he had served among throngs of his friends—he went out as through a garden.



















